



# Let's Go Be Amazing



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## Chapter 1 by Shelby Lawrence

Handing her a map, and smiling he said, "I highly appreciate you taking on this mission, you have your team rounded up?"

She nodded, taking the ancient map in hand she replied, "I have my three teammates ready to go sir."

"Excellent" he replied. "And if you do succeed in finding the Lost River you will be rewarded nicely."

She didn't reply as she ran out of the castle to see her team mounted on their horses. Climbing on to her white Clydsedale, she headed the team, looking behind her and nodding to each of them. "Alright guys, you know the drill, we complete the mission and get money. Money is great but also remember integrity and humility is the key. Now let's go be amazing!" With that they thundered away, off to search for the lost river.

## Chapter 2 by Líneas&Doublespeak



Clarice Trueblade had had bounties before, but none like this. She had survived her fair share of skirmishes, ambushes, brawls, traps, tricks and all-out, bloody battles, but this one was different. Her team exchanged smiles and jokes about the gold they would soon be revelling in. Clarice took great efforts to fuel their enthusiasm, but the secret desire in her chest welled with every pounding step her warhorse made.

The Lost River, after so many years with no sign at all, and just as she was about to give up and dedicate herself to life as a simple mercenary, a lead had fallen right into her lap. Captain Arce had approached the table in front of her in the dark corner of the tavern which she used as a

makeshift office. He had carefully unfolded and placed the map on the wooden surface, and pushed it across to her with one finger pointing to a specific location.

Instantly, she had known it was real. The map was old and even in the dancing shadows of the tavern she could see that it was genuine. Her stomach leapt, but

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she kept her cool, settling to ask the Captain:

"Where did you find this?"

"A military man has his secrets, my dear." His voice was drawn out slither of sound. Clarice didn't like the way he spoke to her sometimes, and she found the Captain attempts to disarm her with a flash of his winning smile most irritating.

### Chapter 3 by Phantim



Still she couldn't resist the chance to go after something like this. Adventure, danger, gold. These were the things that inspired her to become who she was. It was a tough job for a woman, but she had made herself good. She looked down at her calloused hands now as she thought about all her hard work.

"Ahem, are you paying attention Claire?" he asked.

"Yes, of course captain. Just thinking. I'm a multi-tasker like that." she replied.

"Ugh, sure whatever. I wouldn't be coming to you with this unless I couldn't go myself. But you know how these government type jobs are. Terrible pay, and no vacation days. So I need you to check this out, and we shall split anything you find... 60/40?" he offered.

"40/60. I'll have to split mine with a whole crew," Clarice countered.

### Chapter 4 by Líneas&Doublespeak



Clarice and her crew were stopped at the side of a small creek, the four horses drank deeply. It was a hard ride under the mid-summer sun and the plains offered little shade. Clarice considered her three travelling companions, she wondered whether or not they would have what it takes to survive the perils they would most surely face upon finding the Lost River.

Sparks, Slice and Slither, those were the names she had given them upon joining her crew. As Clarice saw it, the less crew members knew about each other, the better, including and especially real names. Clarice went by 'Blade' she knew that it was dangerously close to her

true moniker, but the other crew members had been named for their skills, so should she.

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A glint on the water suddenly caught her eye. It was a flash of her short sword before any of the others had a chance to see it. The sword was a green scaled humanoid

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lept from the water and landed on top of Slice before she had a chance to reach for her twin knives.

Clarice launched herself over the pile of packs on the ground towards the bodies thrashing in the water. Her sword slipped smoothly into the spine of the Alligorian attacker, just as a bolt of electricity hit it's long, reptilian snout.

The beast crumpled instantly and Clarice heaved the lifeless body off of Slice.

"You idiot, Sparks!" She bellowed as she stood up, "How do you have a power like yours and not know that when you shock water, everything in it gets hit?"

The young mage quivered upon being at the receiving end of Slice's wrath.

"Ah... err, sorry, Slice,"

"And you!" Slice yelled, rounding on Slither, who had stood watching the whole scene, his back leaned up against his horse, "I thought you were supposed to know about sneak attacks?"

Slither simply shrugged. Clarice had had enough.

"Shut up, all of you." she barked. To their credit, they paid her the attention she deserved.

"We're leaving now, everybody saddle up," then, with considerably less enthusiasm than before, she added, "Let's go be amazing or something."

## Chapter 5 by Líneas&Doublespeak



Clarice studied the map carefully in the dying light. She was pleased to see that they were in more or less the right place. The dark forest lay behind her and the silent, snow-capped mountains stood before her. The pass through the mountains was easy to miss, as it was tucked away behind one of the steeper foothills. But according to the map, it was there, and looking up she could identify more or less where it was supposed to be.

The fire crackled a short distance away in a clearing just inside the abrupt tree line. Clarice

knew that lighting it here would make the travelling party more visible, but the thought of making camp further into the dark forest made her feel uneasy.

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"Hey, Blade, we're not lost!" she called out to the fire's side.

"Yeah, if you'd let us see that map of yours maybe we'd be able to help out!" added Sparks, in higher spirits now Slice had forgiven him for shocking her yesterday.

Clarice turned and looked at them. The young electromage was rummaging amongst the enchanted scrolls in his pack, Slice was turning the contents of the cooking pot, with one eye on her leader, whilst Slither, silent as usual, sat picking at the food between his teeth with a sharp stick. He never ate with the others, preferring his own fare of vegetables and dried fruit.

"We're not lost," Clarice said, folding the map up and placing it carefully back in a pocket on the inside of her leather cuirass.

"Sure, like you even know what we're looking for," Slice murmured as she tasted the watery stew.

"I'll tell you what I do know," Clarice said flatly, "That the two of you..." she motioned to the fighter and the mage, "... are no good at keeping secrets for being a drunkard and a fool. The only one of you I can trust to not tell every two-bit bounty hunter in the kingdom about our goals is Slither, and you're only here because I pay well."

Slither spat into the fire in response.

"Are you saying I can't handle my drink?" Slice roared, a playful grin on her face.

"Shh! Keep it down!" Clarice snapped, "These woods put me on edge."

Clarice looked sideways at Sparks, who had stopped going through his bag to listen to the exchange. He checked himself and began slowly picking through his things once again.

The young mage was suddenly harder to see. Clarice gasped. Without a breath of warning, the healthy orange blaze of the fire noiselessly died away, leaving the four mercenaries with only the light of the slowly rising moon.

Something's coming! Slice breathed, blades grasped tightly in each hand.

"No..." came the fluid voice of the young mage.

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